

# STARBLAZER

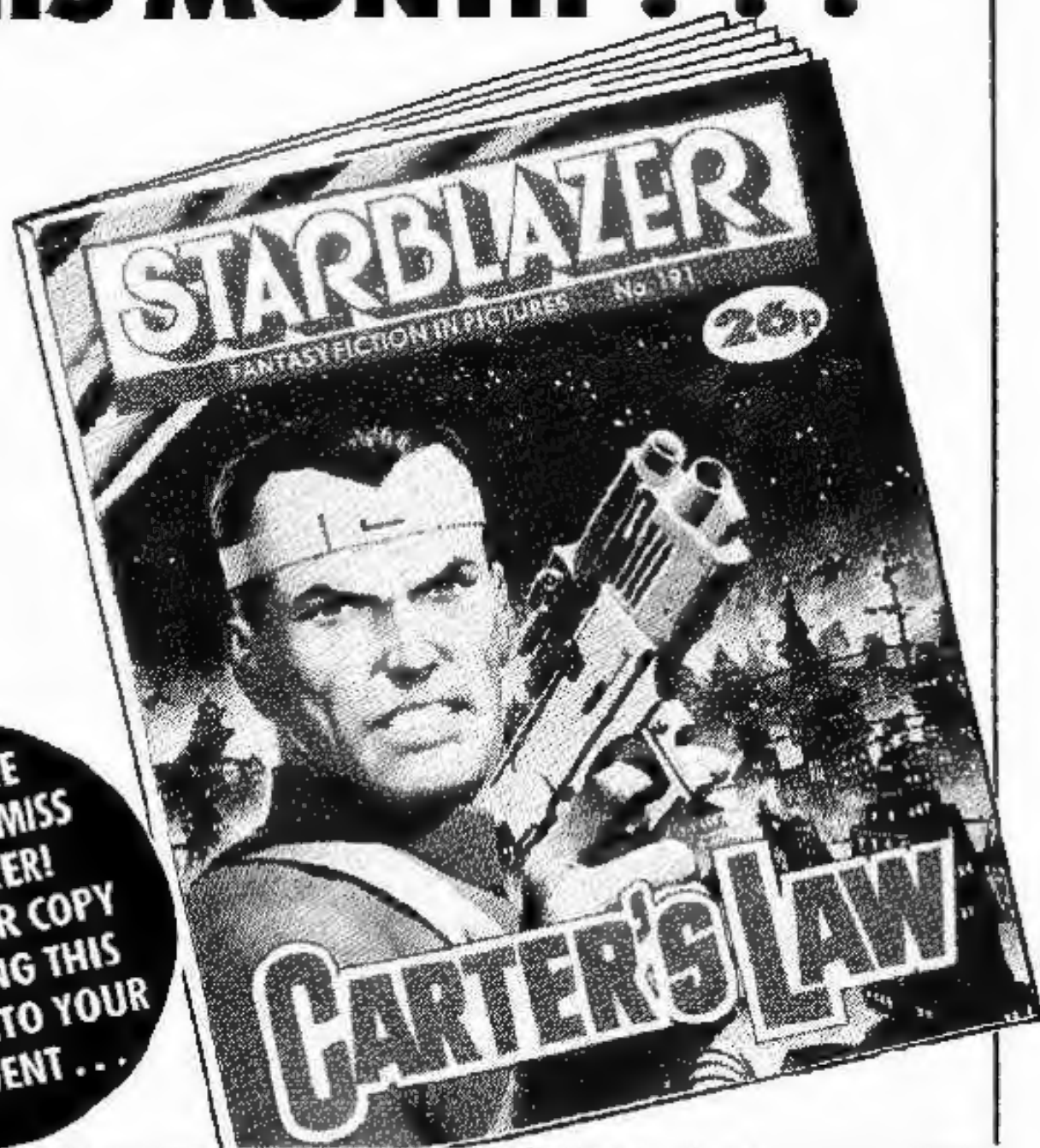
FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 190

26p



## THE POWER OF THE WARLOCKS

# ALSO ON SALE THIS MONTH . . .



MAKE SURE  
YOU DON'T MISS  
STARBLAZER!  
ORDER YOUR COPY  
BY HANDING THIS  
COUPON INTO YOUR  
NEWSAGENT . . .

PLEASE RESERVE BOTH STARBLAZERS FOR ME.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Please make sure this coupon is signed by a parent or guardian.  
TO THE NEWSAGENT — Both STARBLAZERS are on sale the last TUESDAY of each month.

If you do not wish to cut up your STARBLAZER, copy out the  
above coupon on a piece of paper and hand it to your newsagent.



# the POWER of the WARLOCKS

SKALD, THE HERDER OF CATTLE,  
SIGHTED THE FIRE-BEAST ONE DAY  
AS HE DROVE HIS FATTENING HERD  
TO NEW PASTURE.

THIS DAY I'LL HAVE  
GOOD EATING, CROOKHORN.



SKALD'S AIM WAS DEADLY—



TRACKS LEADING TO THAT  
THICKET. THE FIRE-BEAST HAD  
TRAPPED ITS OWN GAME —  
HUMAN GAME.

THE 'HUMAN GAME' APPEARED—

YOU — BOY!  
HELP ME.

A MAN IN THE COLLAR  
OF A WORKER?

I RAN AWAY . . . FROM THE MINES.  
COULD TAKE NO MORE OF THE  
DARK, THE CHOKING DUST. I  
THOUGHT TO SEEK THE CAVES OF  
IRON.

ACROSS THE FOREST AND THE  
BURNING DESERT — YES, I HAVE  
HEARD THE STORIES OF THAT  
FAR-OFF SANCTUARY. JUST THE  
MUMBLINGS OF OLD MEN, MY  
FRIEND.


AN EVIL PRESENCE ALERTED SKALD—

HERDBOY, YOU ARE WISE  
TO DISBELIEVE.

A LORD WARLOCK WITH TWO GUARDS.




THE COLLARED STRANGER JUMPED TO HIS FEET—



**NO! NO!**  
YOU'LL NOT CARRY ME  
BACK TO THAT BLACK PIT.

DO I TAKE HIM,  
LORD YAXEL?



SAVE YOUR BOLT! I  
SHALL MAKE BETTER  
DISPOSAL OF THE  
RUNAWAY.

7  
A BEAM OF BLINDING LIGHT SETTLED ON THE RUNNING MAN ...

HERDBOY, FOLLOW  
WITH THE FIRE-BEAST  
CARCASS. MY LORDLY  
BROTHERS WILL  
WELCOME FRESH  
GAME TO OUR TABLE.

AAAHHH!  
YES, NOBLE  
WARLOCK.

A FLASH OF LIGHT AND ALL  
THAT IS LEFT OF A MAN IS  
ASH AND HIS STONE  
COLLAR. TRULY THE  
WARLOCKS HAVE GREAT  
POWERS, CROOKHORN.

DUTIFULLY, SKALD FOLLOWED—

THE CAVES OF IRON! CAN  
THERE BE ANY TRUTH IN  
THOSE OLD STORIES?  
ACROSS THE FOREST AND  
BURNING DESERT,  
THROUGH THE GREAT  
SWAMP...



A HERDBOY WITH THE SKILL AND  
STRENGTH TO KILL THE FIRE-BEAST  
WITH A SLINGSHOT. IT IS HIGH TIME HE  
WORE THE COLLAR.



AYE, LORD YAXEL. I'LL DETAIL  
A NEW BOY FOR THE HERD.



SKALD MADE HIS DELIVERY TO THE STRONGHOLD ...

THE LORD YAXEL  
COMMANDS THAT FOR  
NOW YOU REMAIN IN  
THE VILLAGE.

THIS IS A KINDNESS. I CAN  
VISIT MY UNCLE DRAX!

LATER ...

I LEARNED OF THE CAVES OF IRON  
FROM MY FATHER AND HE FROM  
HIS FATHER, NEPHEW! THE SKILL OF  
LETTERING IS PASSED DOWN IN MY  
FAMILY OR AT LEAST IT WAS UNTIL  
THESE CURSED WARLOCKS AND  
THEIR EVIL TOOK US OVER.

BUT ARE THE  
STORIES TRUE?

# BONNIN VEGG

THE ASSEMBLY GONG! ALL MUST  
ATTEND IN THE MAIN SQUARE.

IN THE MAIN SQUARE—

HEAR ME, MY PEOPLE. I AM  
SAD TO SAY THAT THE  
WORKER, MUNST, DESERTED  
HIS TASK AND HAS BEEN  
FITTINGLY DESTROYED...



ONE FURTHER MATTER IS THE  
FITTING OF THE COLLAR OF  
MANHOOD ON THE BOY SKALD  
SKALAGRIG, WHO NOW WILL BE  
GIVEN WORK MORE SUITED TO HIS  
NEW STATUS.

IT HAD TO COME — BUT NEVER  
AGAIN TO RUN FREE IN THE  
FOREST ... NOW IT'S THE  
QUARRY OR THE DUSTY  
DARKNESS OF THE MINE.

SKALD REBELLED ...

NO! NO!





SKALD'S USE OF THE SLING  
WAS INSTINCTIVE...

AAARGH!







SKALD FLED THE STRONGHOLD  
OF MORKAHL ...

NO MAN HAS EVER ESCAPED  
BEFORE. THE LORDS WILL  
FOLLOW US.

TOO BAD FOR THEM IF THEY  
DO — NOW I KNOW THEY  
CAN BE KILLED.

THEY FINALLY STOPPED TO REST.

NO PURSUIT YET, UNC! IT'LL  
GIVE ME TIME TO CUT  
THAT COLLAR!

BE CAREFUL, LAD! I'VE ONLY  
GOT ONE HEAD!



WONDERFUL . . . I CAN  
TURN MY HEAD AGAIN.

WELL, THAT'S A  
WEIGHT OFF YOUR  
MIND! NOW LET'S  
GET MOVING.





NOW WE START TO THE CAVES OF  
IRON, THAT SANCTUARY WHERE  
ALL MEN ARE FREE — IF THERE  
REALLY IS SUCH A PLACE.

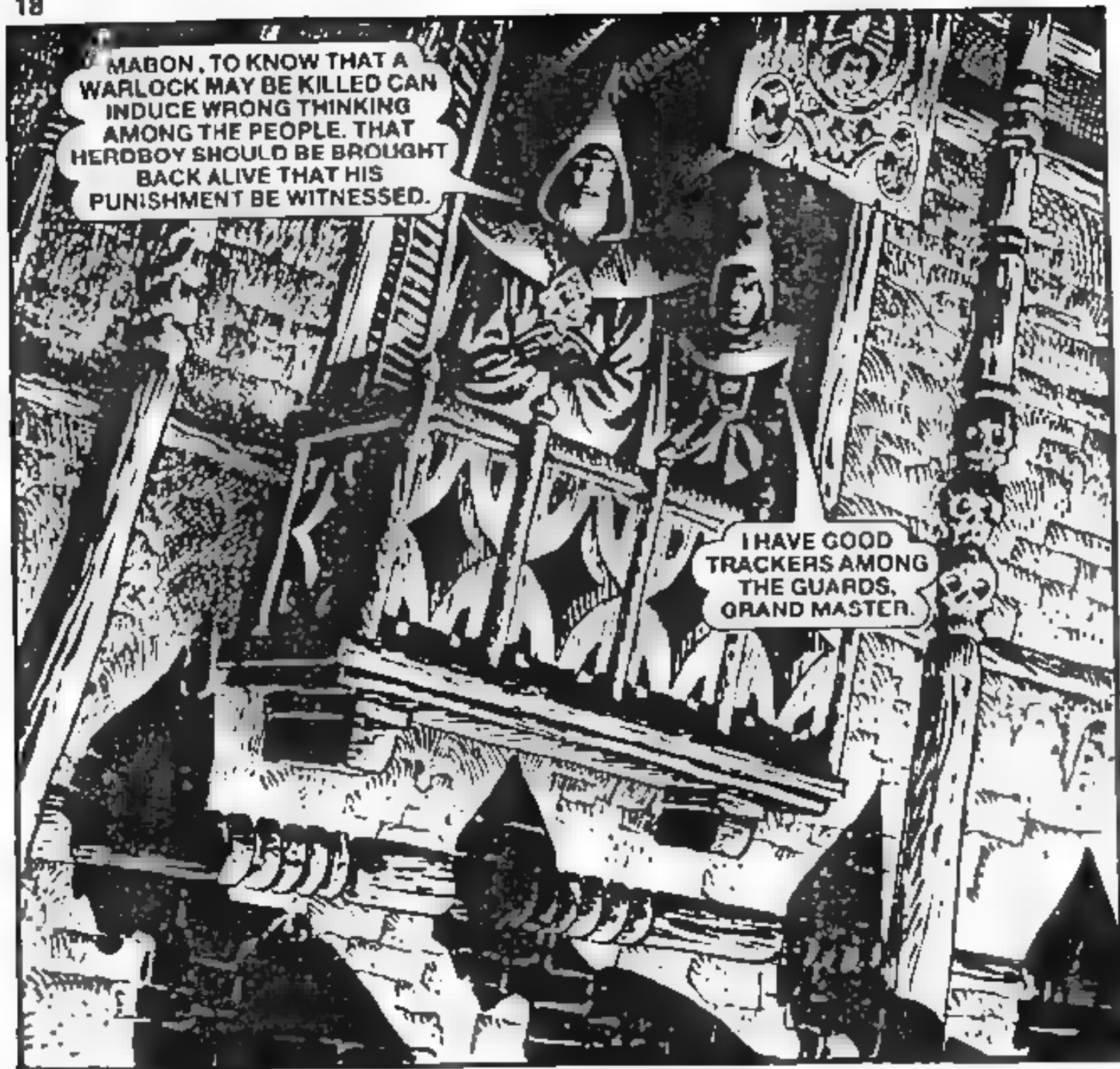


BACK AT THE STRONGHOLD THE  
FUNERAL OF WARLOCK YAXEL WAS  
IN PROGRESS.

SING AGAIN, YOU  
SCUM. BE SORROWFUL.

WOE! WOE! A  
LORD IS DEAD!





MEANWHILE THE FUGITIVES HAD COME TO THE OUTER EDGE OF KNOWN LANDS.





AS THE WARLOCKS' FORCE HURRIED **UP** THE SLOPE—

AT LEAST I HAVE KNOWN  
FREEDOM FROM THE  
STONE COLLAR BEFORE I  
DIE.

YOU AREN'T DEAD YET!  
HOLD THIS BELL FOR ME.

WALLEYE, YOU YEARN TO BE  
MASTER OF THE HERD. ONLY  
YOUR FEAR OF CROOKHORN  
HOLDS YOU BACK — SO ...



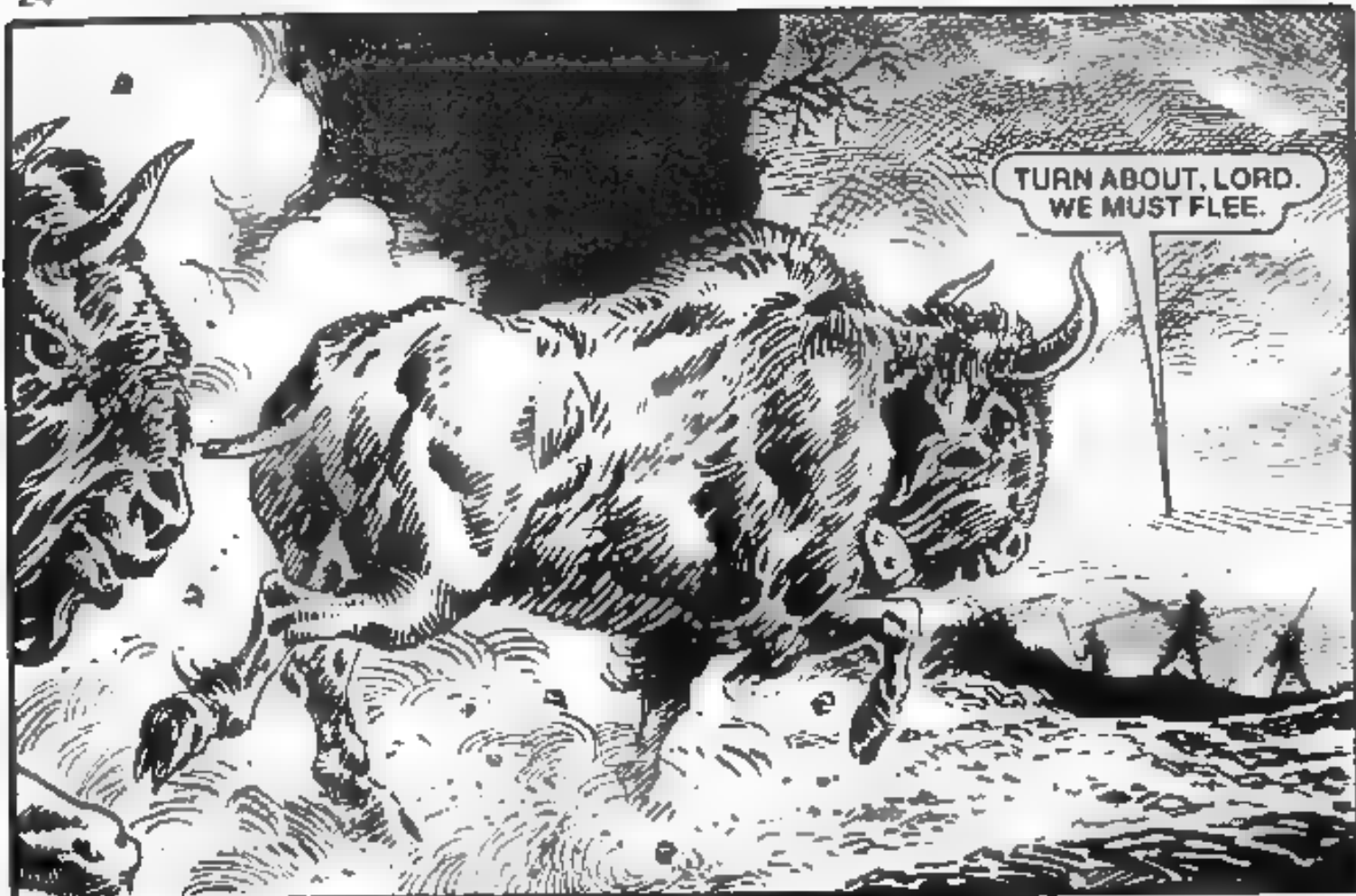


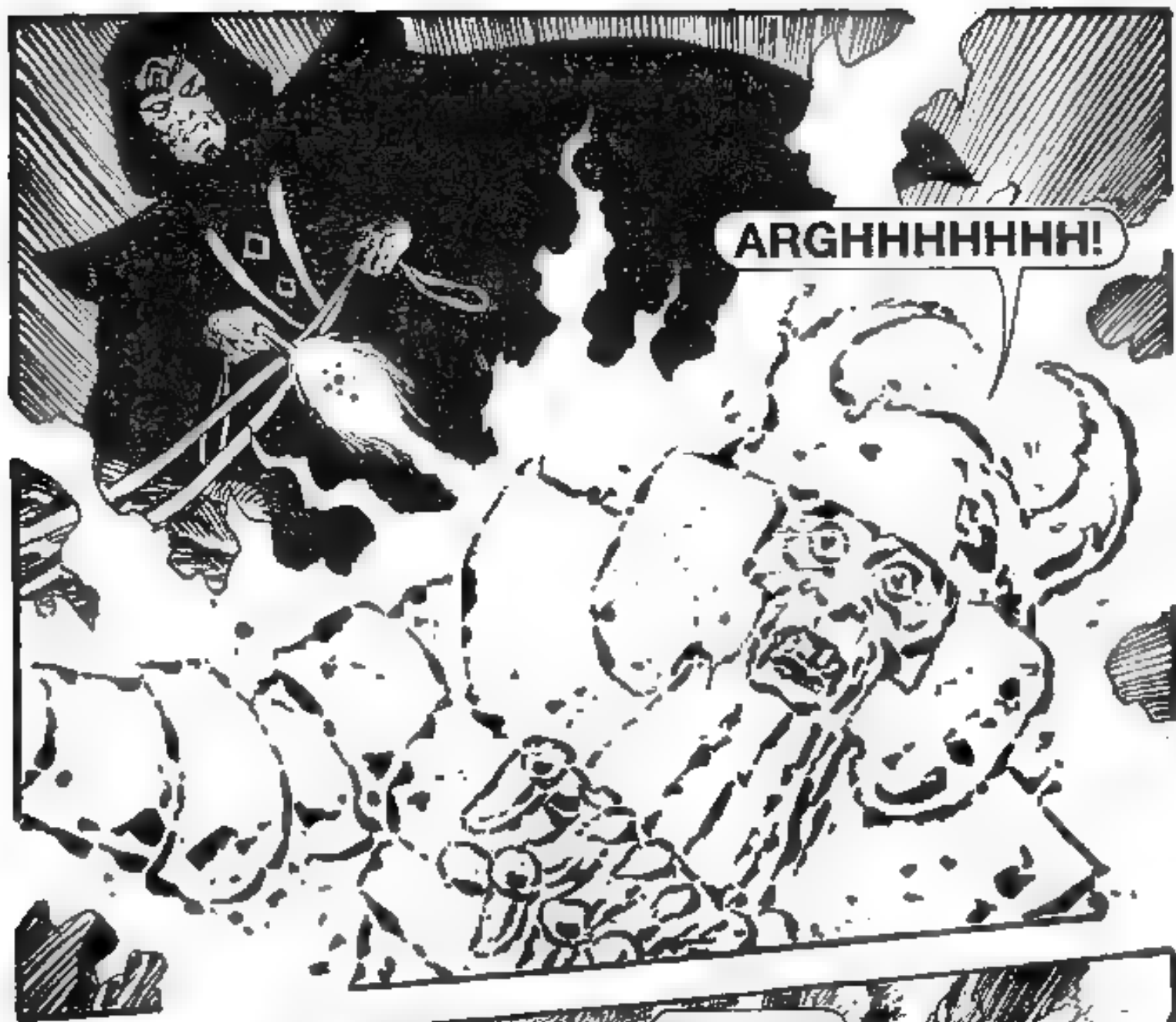



















... SKALD WAS UNEASY—



I FEEL AS YOU,  
CROOKHORN, I KNOW NOT  
WHAT IS OUT THERE —  
ONLY THAT IT BRINGS A  
CRAWLING TO THE HAIR ON  
MY HEAD.

SHAGGY FIGURES RUSHED  
FROM THE NIGHT...



BY THE SPIRITS!  
NOW IT GIVES VOICE.



BEASTS ON  
TWO LEGS

CROOKHORN MET THE RUSH ...







LOOSE SWEET CHICKED-CROOKHORN'S PURSUIT —

CURSED ONES!  
BRING BACK MY UNCLE!





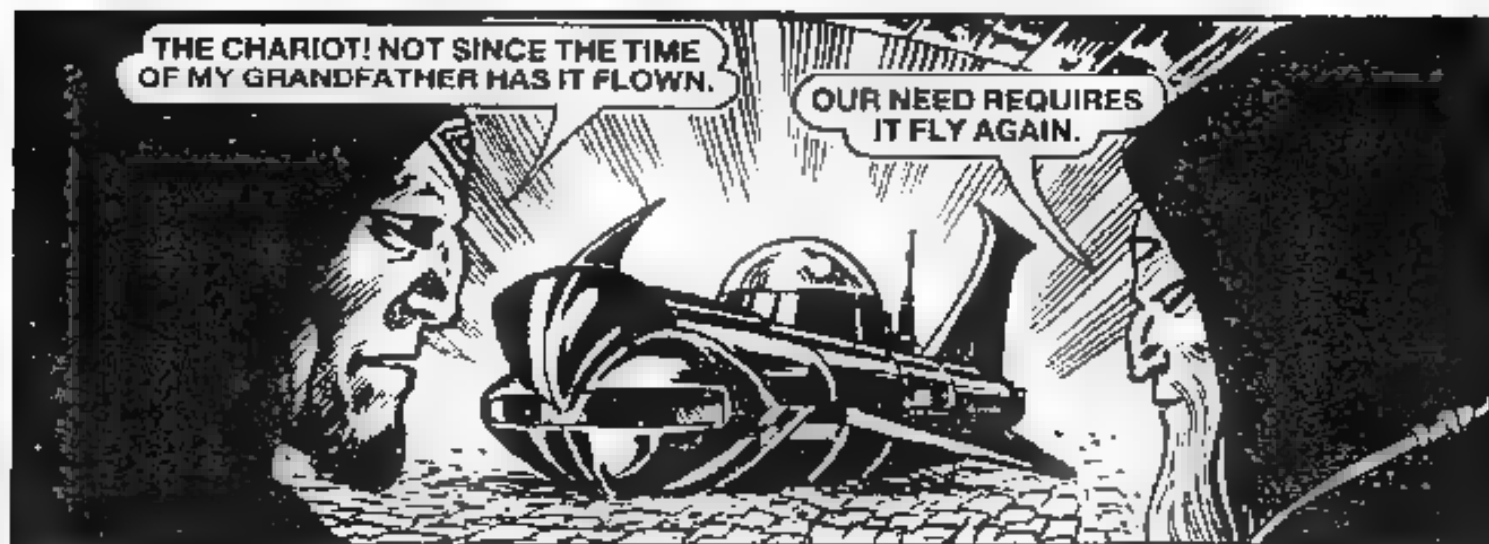
CROOKHORN, WE DID  
DAMAGE TO ONE OR  
MORE. THIS BLOOD  
SPOOR COULD GUIDE  
US WHEN THE NEW DAY  
COMES.

THE WARLOCK MABON ARRIVED BACK AT THE STRONGHOLD.


NONE OF MY GUARDS LIVE TO  
TELL, BUT THE PEOPLE WILL  
REALISE MY FAILURE ONCE IT IS  
KNOWN I AM BACK.

MY SON, YOUR BUNGLING  
MAKES EVEN MORE  
NECESSARY THE RETURN  
OF THAT EVIL YOUTH FOR  
PUBLIC PUNISHMENT.  
COME WITH ME . . .









OH, SERVANT OF THE BOOK, I  
COMMAND YOU SUMMON THE  
POWER.

GRAND MASTER,  
I OBEY.

STRANGE CHANTING WAS SUDDENLY  
BROKEN BY A STRANGE SOUND.

SIMOND SHALL ACCOMPANY  
YOU. HE IS LEARNED IN ALL THE  
RITES OF THE CHARIOT.

PRAISE BE!  
PRAISE THE POWER!

JUST BEFORE DAWN, BEYOND RIBBON PASS ...

HOH-HAH-HAH-HOH!



SKALD'S UNCLE DRAX HAD  
COMPANY IN CAPTIVITY

YOUNG LADY, ARE YOU  
SAYING THESE PEOPLE  
MEAN TO ROAST US?

OLD MAN,  
SURELY YOU  
WOULD NOT  
EXPECT EVEN  
SAVAGES TO EAT  
RAW MEAT?

DRAX SCREAMED ...

THEY COME FOR US? I, LINX OF  
YABA-KEL, SHALL DIE WITH THE  
COURAGE OF A WARRIOR, BUT  
YOU ARE A MERE MAN AND MAY  
BE EXCUSED SHOULD YOU  
SCREAM.

AAAAAAHHH!



BUT THE STRIKER WAS STRUCK BEFORE HE  
COULD ADMINISTER THE FINAL BLOW.



RUN, CROOKHORN  
RUN!

CROOKHORN CHARGED ...



A VIOLENT LAD? NOT WHAT  
ONE EXPECTS OF A MAN.



GET ON CROOKHORN! THAT SHAGGY  
MOB WILL BE BACK WHEN THEY'RE  
OVER THE SURPRISE.



THIS WAY, YOU  
IDIOT FEMALE.

MAN-PERSON, I GO MY  
OWN WAY.



THE FEMALE BECAME A FIGHTING FURY...







FEAR NOT! LINX OF  
THE YABA-KEL IS WITH YOU.



CROOKHORN QUIT THE VILLAGE AT  
HIS BEST GALLOP ...



TAKE THE GULLY,  
MAN-PERSON.

STOP GIVING  
ORDERS! TAKE THE  
GULLY, CROOKHORN.



THEY FOLLOW!

THEY'LL NOT CATCH US.  
CROOKHORN CAN HOLD THIS PLACE  
ALL DAY.



MUD — THIS WILL SLOW  
HIM.

NO MATTER! SOME ASSISTANCE  
SHOULD BE AT HAND.

AND THERE  
IT IS!

WOOOOH!  
WOOOH!

**A STORM OF ARROWS LASHED  
THE HAIRY MEN ...**



**SCREAMING FIGURES BURST  
FROM HIDING ...**







SKALD APPLIED  
ONE OF HIS  
CATTLE-THROWS ...

YEEOWH!

SUCH INSOLENCE MUST  
BE PUNISHED.

CAPTAIN — NO! HE SAVED  
ME. I OWE HIM  
THE DEBT OF LIFE.

LET'S HOPE WE'VE  
SEEN THE LAST OF  
THOSE CRAZY  
WOMEN.

SKALD AND DRAX  
WERE ALLOWED  
TO LEAVE ...

ER—I  
FEAR NOT.





IT WAS LINX WHO FIRST NOTED THE SOUND.

LISTEN! THAT SOUND IS NEW TO ME.

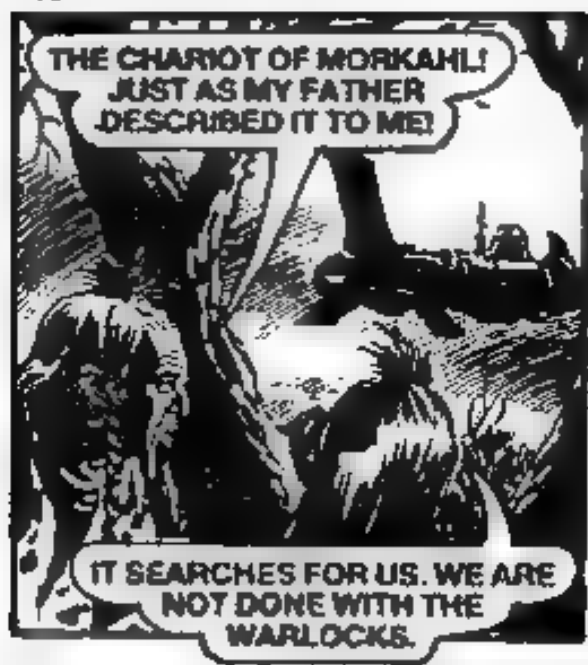


IT WAS THE WARLOCKS' CHARIOT —

SIGHTINGS ONLY OF BEASTS AND SAVAGES. WHERE ARE THOSE RUNAWAYS?

LORD MABON, I SUGGEST A WIDER SWEEP OVER THE AREA WE HAVE COVERED.





THE CHARIOT WAS NOT SEEN AGAIN OVER  
THE NEXT FEW DAYS, AS THE FUGITIVES  
TRAVELLED ON... THROUGH THE FOREST  
AND ONT ACROSS A VAST WASTE OF SAND  
AND ROCK...





CRAVEN CREATURE! COME  
BACK AND BE SLAIN.

HE APPEARS TO HAVE HIS  
OWN THOUGHTS ON THE MATTER.



WATER! THE BEAST FINDS  
US WATER.

MORE THAN THAT — HE  
HAS FOUND US THE GREAT  
SWAMP.



THE SWAMP PROVED AN OBSTACLE  
FOR CROOKHORN ...

I COULD DO THE BEAST  
A KINDNESS BY  
CUTTING ITS THROAT.

TOUCH HIM, AND  
I'LL KILL YOU!

WE COULD FASHION A  
LITTLE PLATFORM OF  
BRANCHES TO  
SUPPORT US ON THE  
MIRE.

SUCH SUPPORT WOULD  
NOT HELP CROOKHORN.  
MY OLD FRIEND CAN'T  
TRAVEL THE WAY OF THE  
LEGEND.

HOME, CROOKHORN!  
BACK TO THE FOREST.

THE GREAT BULL WAS ABANDONED ...

HOW DOES IT GO? TRAVERSE THE PLACE  
OF BONES TO THE DEFILE OF DEMONS —

HIST! I HEAR  
SOMETHING.

A HUGE MONSTER ROSE FROM THE  
SWAMP

A DEMON! OLD MAN,  
YOU WERE HEARD.

YABA-KEL!

THIS STAKE MIGHT SERVE  
BETTER THAN THE  
FEMALE'S IRON BLADE.

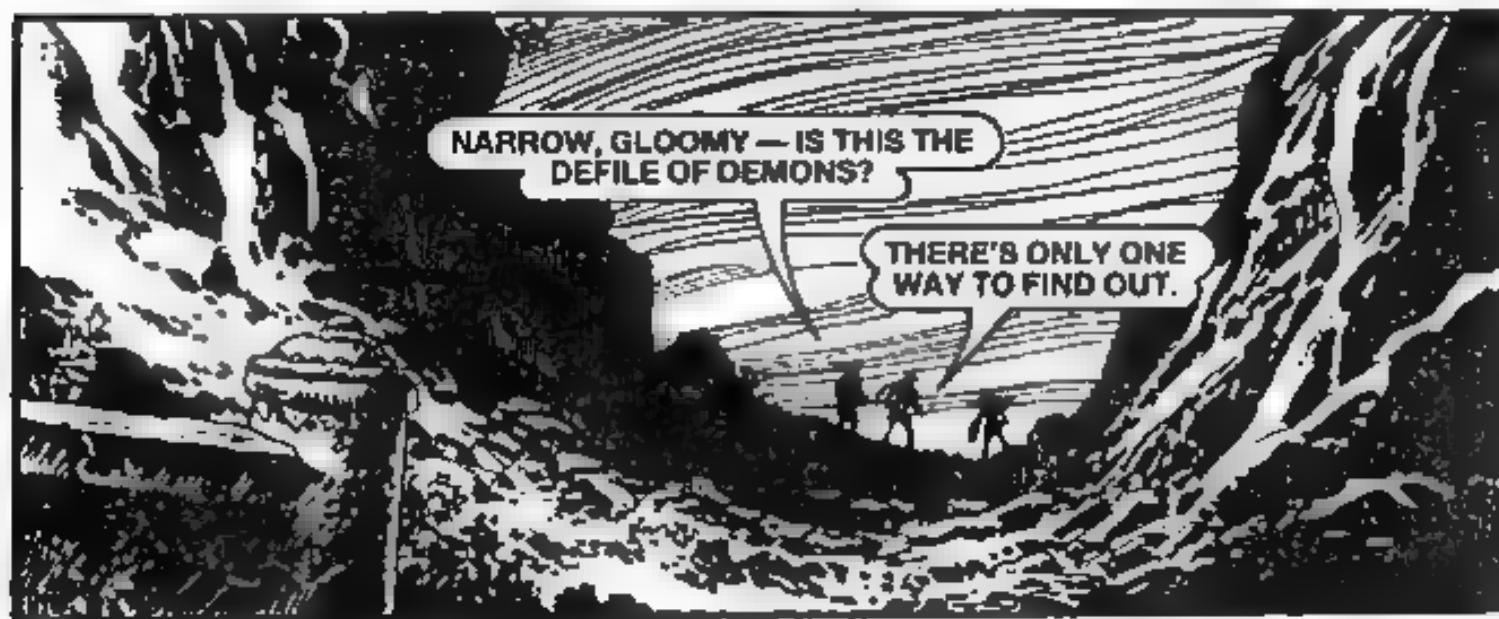


HERE, MONSTER!  
BITE ON THIS.





THE TRAVELLERS EMERGED FROM THE SWAMP ...



NAY, THIS ■ A PLACE OF PEACE.  
YOU TWO GO ON WHILE I SAVOUR  
THE BEAUTY OF THESE FLOWERS.

FLOWERS! I SEE  
ONLY EMPTINESS.



YABA-KEL!

NOW LINX BATTLES WITH  
A FOE INVISIBLE TO ME.





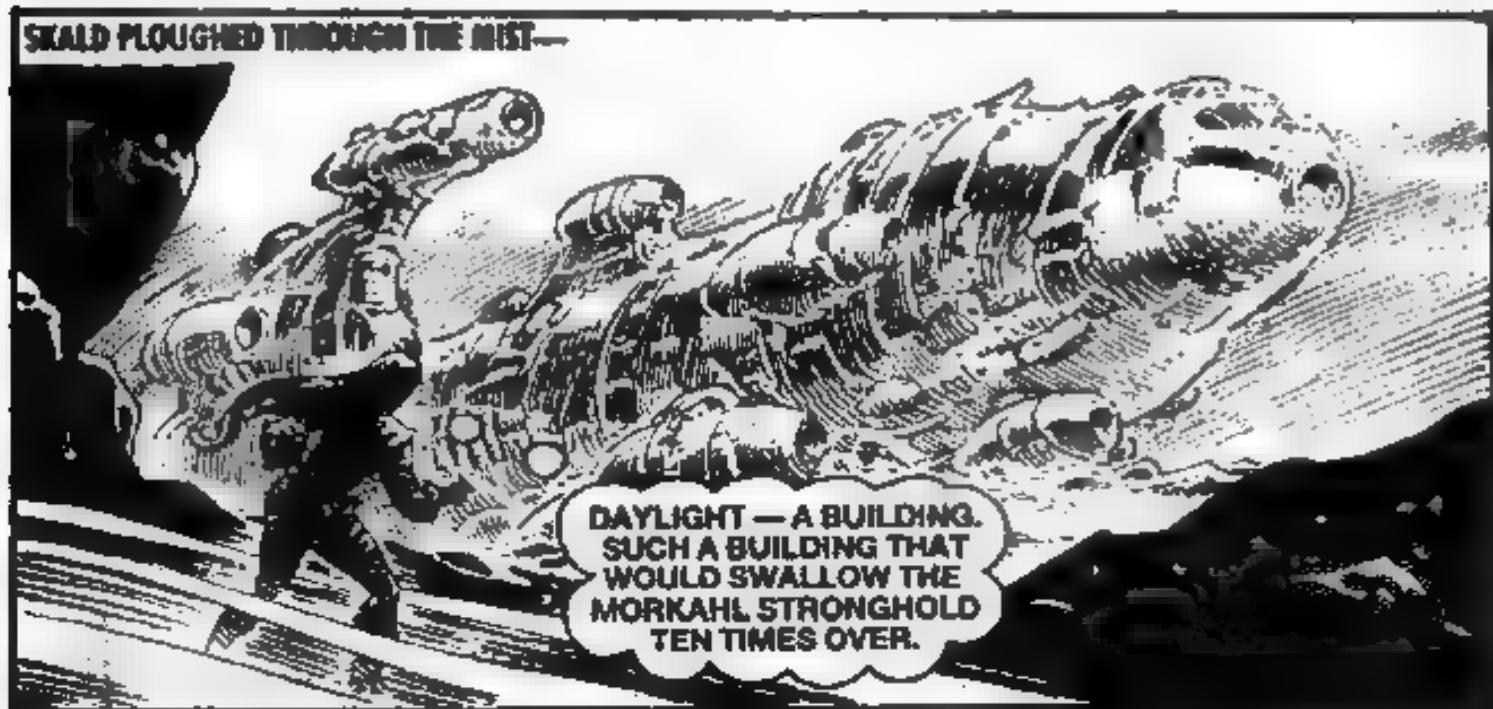


GROTESQUE IMAGES TORTURED SKALD'S MIND —



WARLOCK TRICKS —  
SORCERY!

SKALD PLOUGHED THROUGH THE MIST —



DAYLIGHT — A BUILDING.  
SUCH A BUILDING THAT  
WOULD SWALLOW THE  
MORKAHL STRONGHOLD  
TEN TIMES OVER.



YOU MAY ENTER THE  
PORTAL BEFORE YOU

A VOICE THAT SPEAKS  
OUT OF NOWHERE.



ARE THESE THE  
CAVES OF IRON?

THEY ARE WHAT MIGHT HAVE  
BECOME SO NAMED IN THE  
MEMORY OF YOUR RACE.



MEN IN BOTTLES?

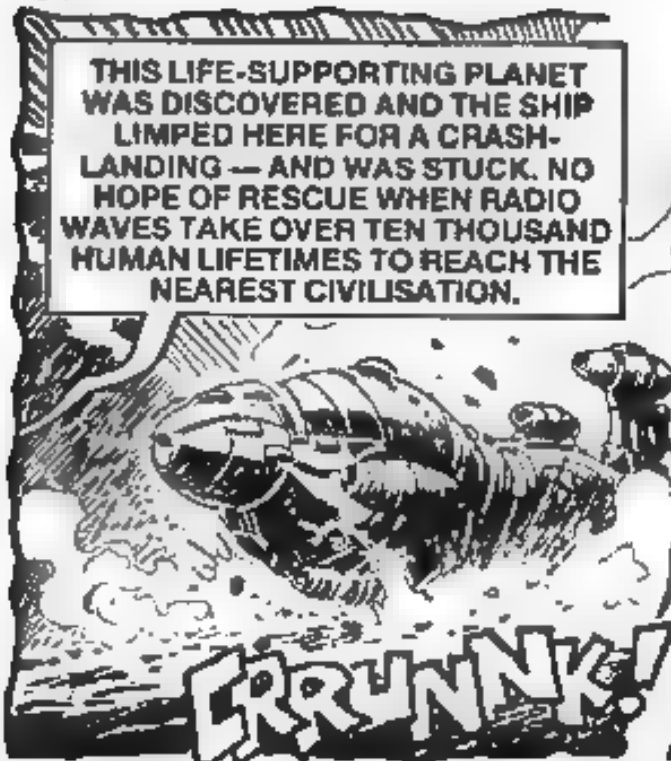
MY FRIENDS, YOUNG FELLOW —  
MEN WHO WEARIED OF THE  
REJUVENATION TANK AND CHOSE  
OBLIVION.

SKALD ENTERED THE LIGHT ...

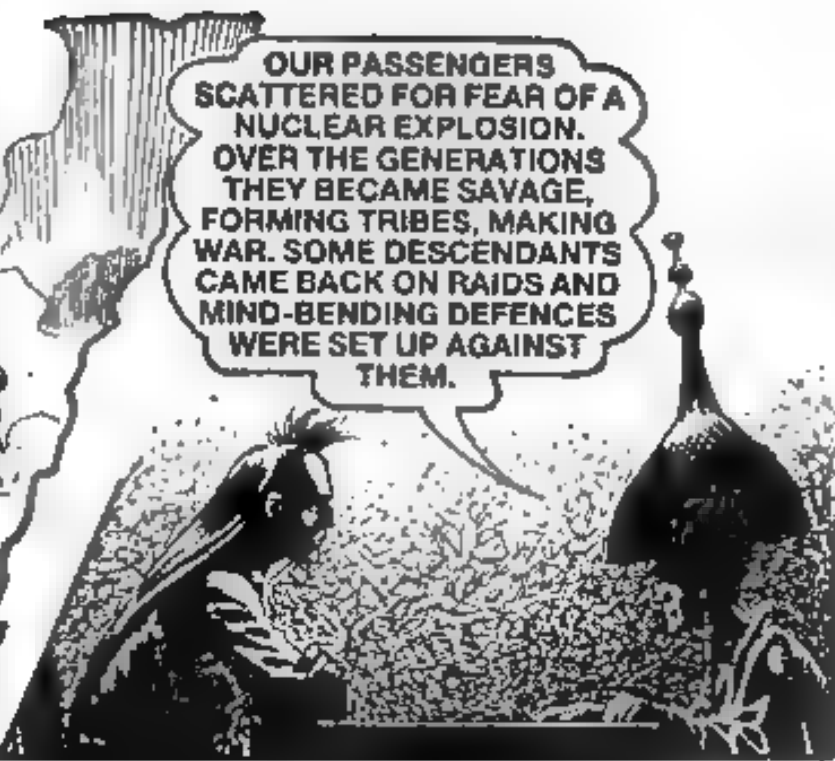
LORD, I GREET YOU. YOU  
MUST BE THE GREATEST OF  
ALL WARLOCKS.

JUST A FLEET  
ENGINEER, SENIOR  
GRADE — OR I WAS  
FIFTY OF YOUR  
GENERATIONS AGO. MY  
NAME WAS ANDY  
LODEN WHEN THESE  
CAVES OF IRON WERE A  
FREIGHTER  
TRANSPORTING A LOAD  
OF COLONISTS ACROSS  
THE GALAXY.

A VOYAGE THAT WENT A THOUSAND  
LIGHT YEARS ADRIFT THROUGH A BLOW-  
OUT ■ THE MAIN WARP-DRIVE.

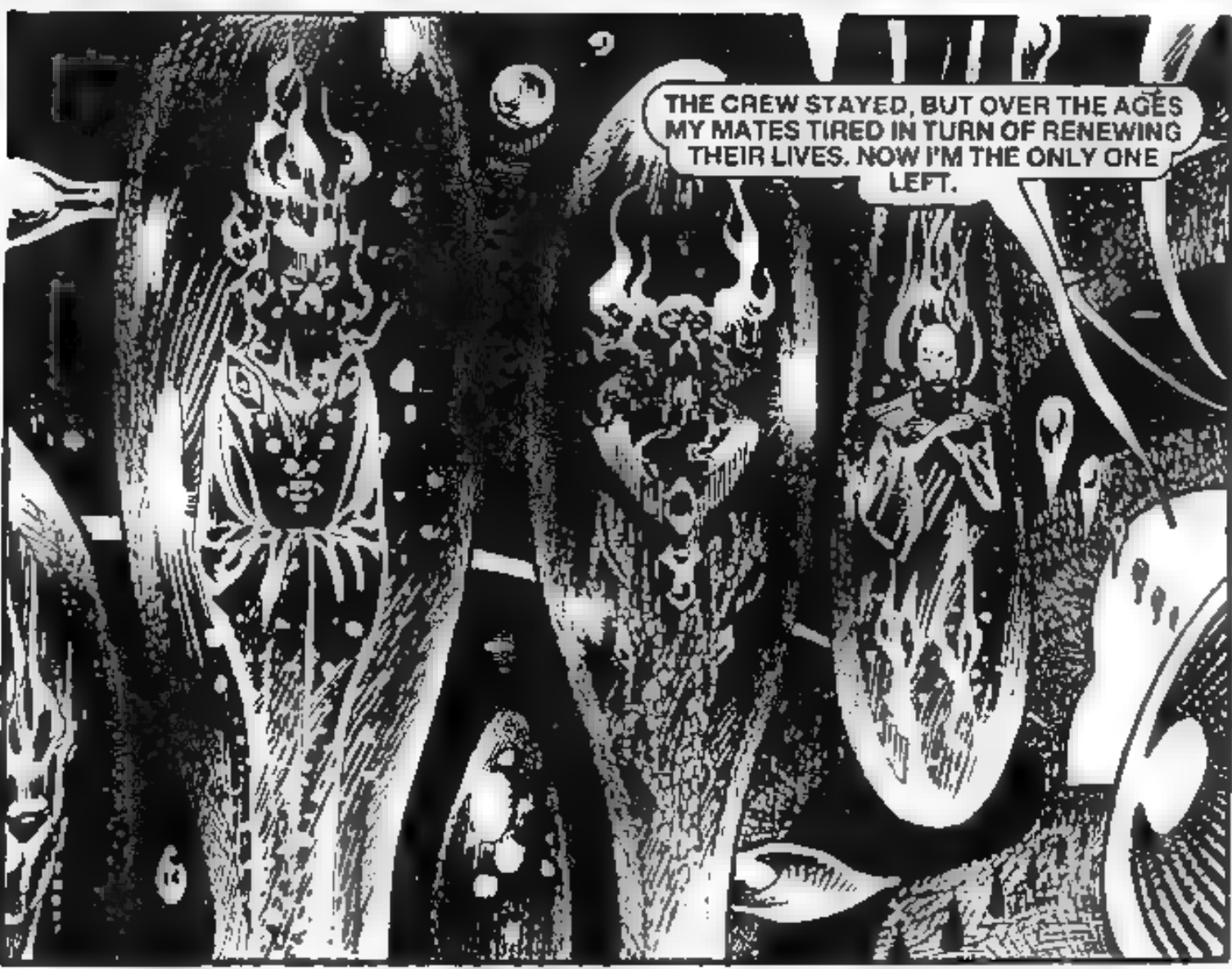


THIS LIFE-SUPPORTING PLANET WAS DISCOVERED AND THE SHIP LIMPED HERE FOR A CRASH-LANDING — AND WAS STUCK. NO HOPE OF RESCUE WHEN RADIO WAVES TAKE OVER TEN THOUSAND HUMAN LIFETIMES TO REACH THE NEAREST CIVILISATION.



OUR PASSENGERS SCATTERED FOR FEAR OF A NUCLEAR EXPLOSION. OVER THE GENERATIONS THEY BECAME SAVAGE, FORMING TRIBES, MAKING WAR. SOME DESCENDANTS CAME BACK ON RAIDS AND MIND-BENDING DEFENCES WERE SET UP AGAINST THEM.

ERRUNK!



THE CREW STAYED, BUT OVER THE AGES MY MATES TIRED IN TURN OF RENEWING THEIR LIVES. NOW I'M THE ONLY ONE LEFT.





SKALD TOLD HIS STORY...

LORD ANDY, WE ARE POWERLESS  
AGAINST THESE MIGHTY  
WEAPONS OF THE WARLOCKS.

A SMALL GIFT TO REMIND YOU OF  
THIS MEETING. NOW GO, LAD. YOUR  
COMING HAS HELPED ME DECIDE  
WHAT MUST BE DONE.

SOME OF THESE OLD HAND-  
LASERS ARE STILL  
AROUND, EH? WELL, I  
COULD SUPPLY YOU WITH  
EVEN MORE EFFICIENT  
KILLING TOOLS — ONLY I  
WON'T. YOU PEOPLE MUST  
PRODUCE YOUR OWN  
SCIENCE.

SKALD WALKED AWAY...

LORD ANDY, MAY I VISIT  
YOU SOME OTHER TIME?

I SHAN'T BE HERE.  
GOODBYE.



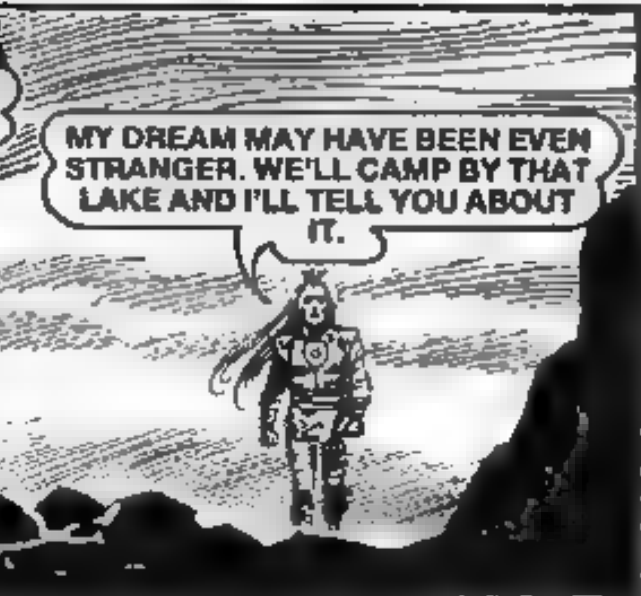
ANDY HAS JOINED  
HIS FRIENDS.

**WHOMP!**

THE MIST HAD CLEARED FROM THE DEFILE . . .



CHILD, THIS IS A PLACE  
OF STRANGE DREAMS.



MY DREAM MAY HAVE BEEN EVEN  
STRANGER. WE'LL CAMP BY THAT  
LAKE AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT  
IT.

THE THREE WALKED BACK INTO HAZARD ...

THE LORD MABON!

HERDBOY, YOU MAY LIVE — FOR  
NOW. YOUR COMPANIONS DIE.

NO! NOT  
MY FRIENDS.





THE TRAVELLERS RODE BACK BY AIR ...

THE STRONGHOLD,  
LORD SKALD.

TAKE US STRAIGHT IN  
THROUGH THE GREAT  
GATEWAY.

THEY LANDED—

YOU HAVE  
THE HERDBOY.

GRAND MASTER, HE HAS ME. THE  
LORD MABON IS DEAD.

USE THAT WEAPON AND YOU  
PERISH, GRAND MASTER WARLOCK.

INSOLENT WHELP!  
I SHALL DESTROY YOU.

# HARRRREHH!

THROW DOWN YOUR  
WEAPONS. DRAX WILL  
GATHER THEM TO BE CAST  
INTO THE DEEP WELL.

SPARE US!  
HAVE MERCY!

SHED YOUR COLLARS!  
THE POWER OF THE  
WARLOCKS IS OVER. YOU  
ARE FREE.





SKALD WAITED HIS CHANCE TO SLIP AWAY ...



SKALD SLIPPED INTO THE FOREST—



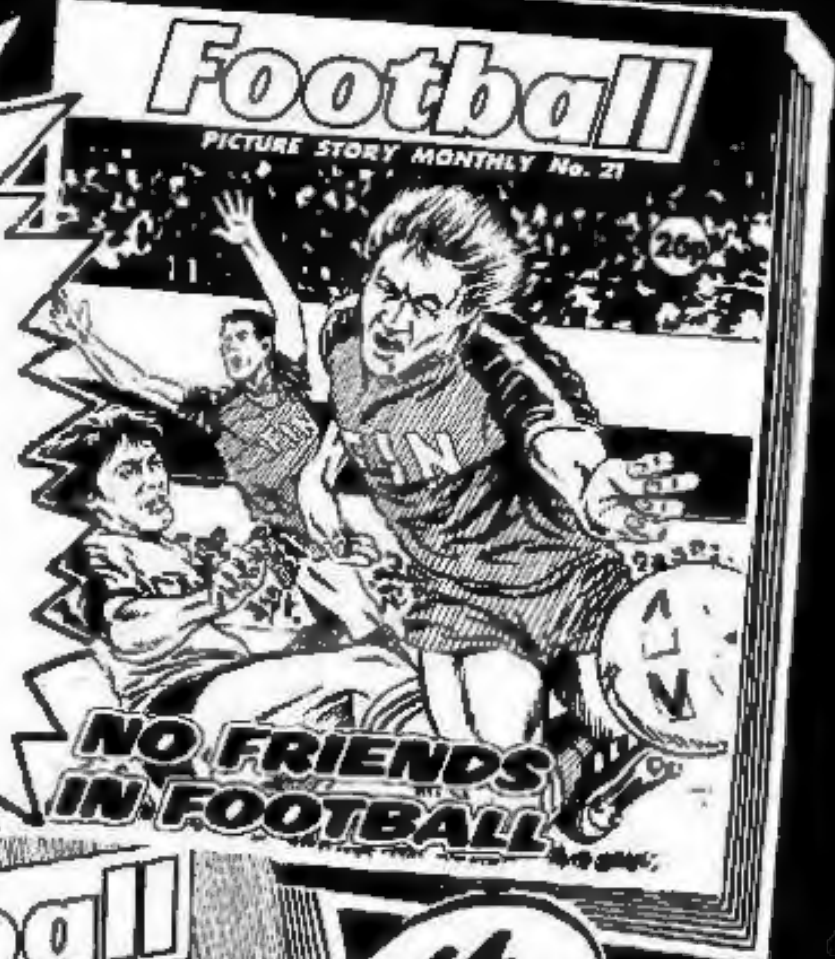


COO ... EE, MAN PERSON.  
YOUR LOVE AWAITS YOU.

LINX? MUSH, CROOKHORN ...  
MOVE, OLD FRIEND.



**TWO  
GREAT  
FOOTBALL  
PICTURE  
STORY  
LIBRARIES  
EVERY  
MONTH!**



**64  
PAGES  
EACH**

**PLUS**  
A FULL COLOUR  
MINI PIN-UP...  
...AND A PAGE  
OF FOOTBALL  
FUNNIES...  
IN EVERY ISSUE!

**NOW ON SALE**

**26p**

# THE POWER OF THE WARLOCKS

In a world predating history as we know it, the people cringed under an evil rule. Black clad warlocks enslaved anybody useful to them, and spilled the blood of those that were not. A herdsman, when told he was to be taken into the service of the warlocks rebelled. His only escape was death — nobody resisted the Power of the Warlocks.

